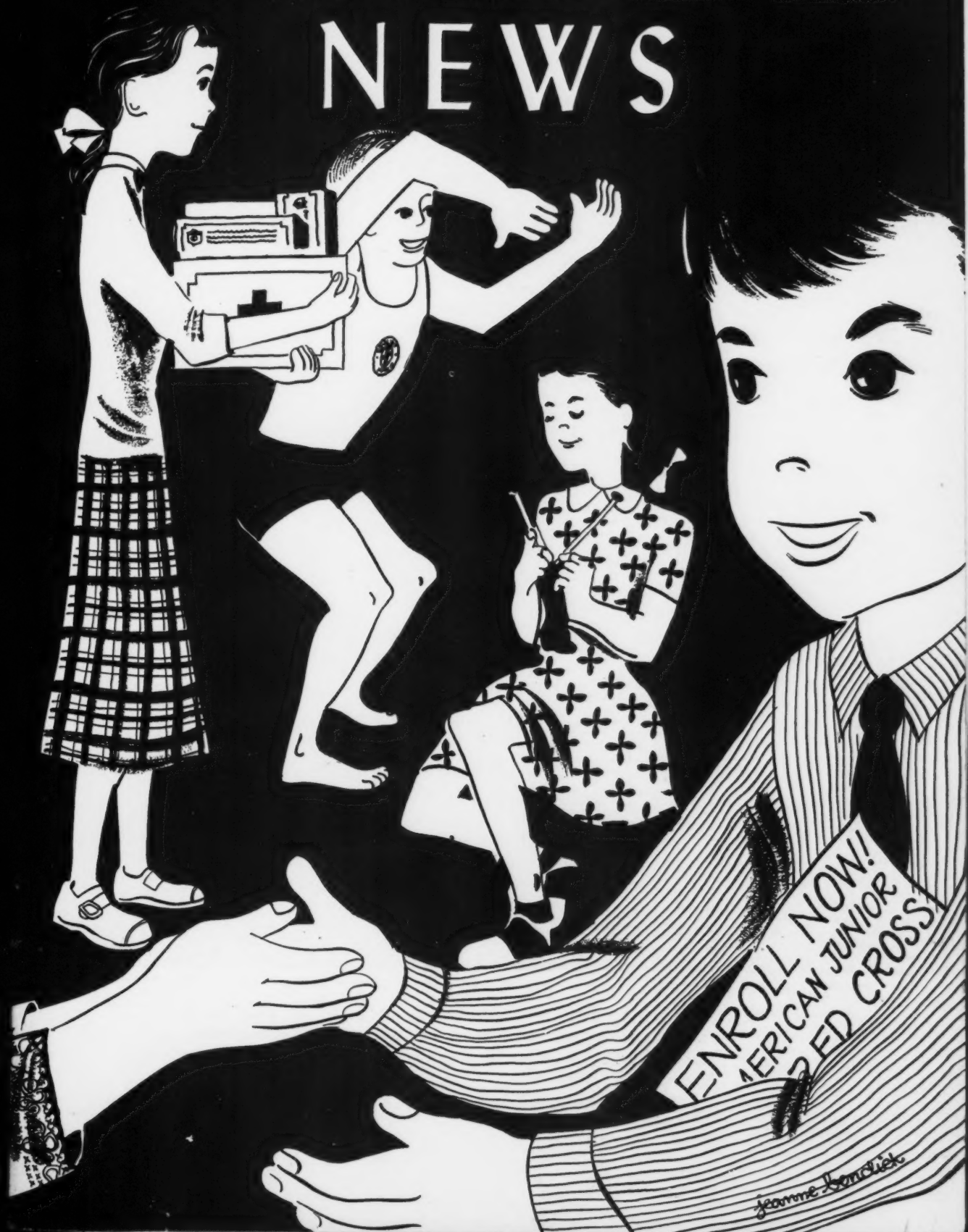


American Junior Red Cross

NEWS





AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTO

"IT'S FUN TO PACK GIFT BOXES," says this Junior Red Cross member of Brooklyn, New York. Boxes like these, filled with toys and with school and health supplies, will bring joy and happiness to boys and girls overseas.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

VOLUME 30

OCTOBER 1948

NUMBER 1

CONTENTS

	Page
COVERS—ENROLLING FOR SERVICE.....	1, 28
Jeanne Bendick	
IT'S FUN TO PACK GIFT BOXES.....	2
HALLOWEEN IN NO-END HOLLOW.....	4
Story by May Justus	
MEET THE BATS.....	8
Article by M. L. Wise	
THREE LITTLE GIFT BOXES AND THEIR BROTHERS	10
Picture-Story by Ardath and Mimi Wise	
AMERICANS GO TO SCHOOL IN JAPAN, TOO	11
GIVE THAT OTHERS MAY HAVE.....	14
Pictures	
ROUND-ROBIN ALBUM FROM THE GREAT LAKES	16
School Correspondence	
IDEAS ON THE MARCH.....	18
AUTUMN VERSE.....	20
OUR POSTER ARTIST.....	21
{ KEEPING BUSY HELPS.....	22
{ OLD BELINA WITCH.....	23
Article and Story by Jeanne Ardell	
Newkirk	
LITTLE LOST SQUIRREL.....	24
Little Folks' Story by Lois S. Johnson	
A WORD FOR TEACHERS.....	26

"American Junior Red Cross News" is published monthly, October through April, by the American National Red Cross. Copyright 1948 by the American National Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

Enrollment of elementary schools in the American Junior Red Cross includes a subscription to the "News" on the basis of one copy for each classroom enrolled. Enrollment is for the calendar year. Enrollment fee is 50 cents per room. For further information concerning enrollment and the Junior Red Cross program see your local Red Cross chapter.

Individual subscriptions to the "News" are accepted at 50 cents a year, 10 cents a single copy.

The "News" was entered as second-class matter January 18, 1921, at the post office, Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 3, 1921.



ENROLLMENT FOR SERVICE

Now is a good time to begin planning for your American Junior Red Cross enrollment campaign. The dates are November 1-15.

When your class has earned its 50 cents for the enrollment fee, your teacher can send it through your chapter for your enrollment supplies. You can have a poster for your room, a Junior Red Cross sticker for your door or window, a Junior Red Cross tab for each member to wear, and of course your copies of the *News*. You will find many interesting things to do this year. Fill gift boxes, of course, and make albums for other countries. Always try to help your own town, too, through your local service fund.

EIGHT TO SEVEN

The 50-cent enrollment fee is one of the few things today that has not been increased. Because we have decided to keep the fee the same, we are trying to reduce all our expenses. In this way we hope to "make both ends meet." Our savings will affect the *News*, too. The *News* will be as interesting as we can make it. But the magazine will come to you just seven times this year instead of eight.

GIFT BOXES

Gift boxes give you many chances to "learn by doing." Arithmetic will help you figure out costs and the best ways of spending the money you have. A purchasing committee can do the buying of the gifts, including the practical articles every gift box should contain:

needles	soap	washcloth
thread	toothbrush	comb
thimble	toothpaste	pencils
crayons	tablets	ball

—Lois S. Johnson, editor.



Halloween in No-End Hollow

MAY JUSTUS

Pictures by Helen Finger Leflar

Lucky's Halloween party was full of surprises! You will want to read for yourself about the games and special treat he planned for his friends.

DIXIE O'DELL and her brother, Rufus, were hurrying down the hollow on their way to school. All of a sudden they heard footsteps on the trail behind them.

It was Lucky Tyler who hadn't been to school for a week. He was nearly out of breath and could barely howdy them.

"What's the matter, Lucky?" Dixie asked him in a wondering way. "What's your hip-and-hurry about? What makes you so early?"

"Starting to make up for lost time?" Rufe asked with a grin.

Lucky had a bad habit of coming to school very late, hardly ever getting there before recess in the morning.

"Ten o'clock scholar" they called him, for he reminded them of a funny old song they sang. Sometimes they sang it to Lucky in a good-natured way, just to tease him:

"A-diller—a-dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar!
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon!"

Lucky wouldn't be late today—and that was truly a wonder.

"What makes you so early?" Dixie asked again.

Lucky grinned and shifted his books.

"I've got big news to tell you. All this time I've been out o' school I've been picking beans. It was a job I had to do—and nobody to help, me being the only youngun left at home. Now, it's up to me to shell those beans—there's an awful lot of 'em! But I hate to stay out o' school any longer—so I thought up a plan."

He got a good long breath and went ahead.

"We're having a big bean-shelling bee at my house tonight," he told them. "You are both invited—and your folks, too. We aim to have a big crowd—a whole passel o' people. It'll be a regular party. We'll have some sure-enough fun along with the bean-shelling: games, songs, riddles—and a treat, but that's a surprise."

Dixie and Rufe both let out a whoop-and-holler.

"Hurrah—hurray!"

Lucky grinned. "I allowed," he said, "you'd be tickled to pieces to hear the news. That's why I came to school early today."

Then, all of a sudden Dixie remembered something—the Halloween party at school that night. Lucky didn't know about that. And here was his bean-shelling all planned!

"What—" she muttered, "what about the Halloween party?" She gave Rufe a quick look.

"I was thinking about that," Rufe replied in a low tone. "Reckon we'll have to tell him."

By this time Lucky was ahead of them and talking over his shoulder.

"Let's brogue along a little faster, if you don't mind," he said. "I've got other folks to invite—nigh about everybody in school."

Dixie and Rufe started to speak—to explain about the Halloween party—but they couldn't catch up with Lucky who suddenly sprinted ahead.

IN SCHOOL that day there was, of course, great excitement over Lucky's announcement of the big bean-shelling bee.

"You'll have to put it off," some of the children told him, "on account of the Halloween party at school."

But this plan could hardly be carried out, Lucky explained. He hadn't known about the school party, so he had already asked a lot of folks from both near and far to come to the bean-shelling bee. "Step-Along," the peddler, had carried word to kin folks clear across the mountain.

"Besides, there's the big treat," Lucky said,

"a surprise, certain-sure. Reckon this bean-shelling bee can't be put off. Couldn't the Halloween party wait till next week?"

But no, it wouldn't seem right, the children agreed and the teacher too, to have a Halloween party at any other time but Halloween. Besides, preparations were all made for the party—the goblins' and witches' masks and costumes. These had all been made in school. Nobody could bear the thought of missing all the fun of the party masquerade, to say nothing of the program of songs and games.

But then, of course, there would be no treat at the school party. A treat of fruit and nuts and candy was given at Christmas, and at no other time.

The children tried to find out what they would be missing by going to their own party instead of the bean-shelling bee.

But Lucky wouldn't tell. "If you come you'll see," he told them. "If you don't, you can ask the folks who were there."

"If we could only go to both!" said Miss Euly.

In the big kitchen was heaped a pile of beans for shelling,
so high it nearly touched the rafters.



"If we could!" several children echoed her wish.

Across the schoolroom Dixie O'Dell sent her brother Rufe a sign. A little later these two had their heads together. They were working out a plan. Later they made it known to Miss Euly—and after that to the whole school—all but Lucky. If he had any suspicions, he didn't voice them.

WHEN Dixie and Rufe told the big news at home it started a hip-and-hurrah.

Mammy cried, "Oh, me—oh, my! I must wash my go-to-meeting bonnet!"

"Whoops!" Pappy yelled. "I've got to trim my beard!"

Such a to-do you never saw. Even Adam, the dog, was decked out in a new rawhide collar marked with his name.

A body would have thought to see all the hurry-and-scurry that six Sundays had come along, rolled into one.

The work about the place was done with a lick and a promise. Supper was eaten hastily. The fire on the hearth was banked to keep safely till their return. Then they all set out for the party. Dixie and Rufe had on Halloween costumes. Dixie was a witch; Rufe was a goblin.

Pappy rode one mule. Mammy rode the other. Dixie and Rufe walked and ran and danced. The hound dog capered along with them, full of happy barks and wiggles.

"What do you reckon Lucky will say when he sees the crowd all dressed up in their Halloween costumes?" said Dixie.

"What do you reckon the treat'll be?" Rufe asked.

"I wonder!" she said. "Lucky wouldn't tell a one about that. What do you guess?"

"Popcorn, or apples, or candy. Hope it's molasses candy—yum—yum—yum!"

Certainly, several surprises were in store.

When they got to the Tyler's house, a double-pen log cabin, Lucky ran out to meet them.

He gave a whoop when he saw Rufe and Dixie in their costumes. If he knew or even guessed who they were, he gave no sign.

"Come on in," he said, "and meet the other witches and ghosts and goblins."

Rufe and Dixie soon saw that nearly all the school had come ahead of them, and a big crowd besides of folks all up and down the hollow, as well as from both sides of Near-Side-And-Far. There was much jolly laughter.



"Oh, how good it looks," cried Rufe.

"I bet it tastes better," said Dixie.

Rufe whispered to Dixie. "Our plan is working out all right. I'm glad we decided to come."

"So am I," Dixie agreed.

The crowd gathered in the big kitchen room. Here in the middle of the floor was heaped a pile of beans for shelling, so high it nearly touched the rafters.

Mr. and Mrs. Tyler welcomed all comers with a friendly howdy and handshake.

"Let's start the bean-shelling!" somebody cried.

The sooner the bean-shelling work was over, the sooner would come the fun, so everyone began.

Some sat, some knelt, some hunkered on the floor. *Crackle—crackle* went the dry pods under nimble fingers. *Rattle—rattle* went the beans dropping to the floor. Each bean sheller threw the empty hulls behind him. Later they would be swept up and stacked outside the door to be sacked up for stock feed.

The Halloween crowd managed, somehow, to get themselves together on one side of the pile and were having a grand good time. Lucky Tyler had started a game with Dixie and Rufe which they could play while shelling beans. It was called "Hull-gull."

"Hull-gull," one player would say to another hiding a number of beans in his hand. The

others tried to guess the number of beans hidden.

If he guessed rightly he got all the other player's beans; if he guessed a wrong number he lost that many beans in his own hand.

Neither Dixie nor Rufe had ever played this game before, and they thought it a fine one.

Before long the older folk caught on to the notion of having some fun right along with the work. Somebody started a song, an old-time mountain ballad which was well known to almost everyone, both young and old.

Other ballads followed this. Then they started asking riddles. It was Pappy O'Dell who thought of the first one:

**"What can run, but cannot walk,
Has a tongue but cannot talk?"**

Dixie knew the answer to this riddle, but she didn't let on till it was guessed at long last by someone who answered:

"A wagon."

Miss Euly asked the next:

**What won't go up the chimney up,
But will go up the chimney down?
What won't go down the chimney up,
But will go down the chimney down?**

"That's a tongue-twister!" Dixie cried.

"It's a brain-twister!" somebody said.

Folks began guessing both right and left—all wrong. At last she had to tell.

"It's an umbrella."

The whole crowd laughed and tried to think of another riddle as funny and hard.

By this time the pile of beans had shrunk into a tiny heap. Soon all that was left of it was scooped up and poured into a sack. And now the floor was swept clean for the play-party games: "Go In and Out the Windows," "Skip to My Lou," and "London Bridge Is Falling Down."

NOBODY NOTICED when Lucky Tyler's mother hung a big black kettle on the chimney hook.

But they did notice the good smell that came from it as it started to boil.

Nobody happened to see Mr. Tyler leave the room, but they saw him returning with a basket of bright red apples hung over each arm.

"Ready for the treat!" he cried. "Who wants a candy apple?"

A whoop-and-holler went up all around. Each person was given a stick from a stack in a corner of the room. Nobody had noticed that either! Each person put an apple on his stick and drew near the candy pot which was now set on the hearth.

"Dixie," whispered Rufe, "what are candy apples? I never heard of 'em before."

"You'll soon find out," she said. "Just watch."

Now seemed a very good time for the Halloween masqueraders to unmask, so that they could enjoy the treat.

Rufe watched with wide-open eyes while someone took an apple, stuck it firmly on his stick, and dipped it into the pot. When he took it out again he spun it around quickly so that the candy coating would not drip while it cooled.

"Oh, how good it looks!" cried Rufe.

"I bet it tastes better," said Dixie. Soon they were fixing candy apples for themselves.

"I like a bean-shelling Halloween party, don't you, Dixie?" Rufe whispered to his sister.

Dixie looked up from her candy apple to smile back.

Just then Lucky came up, nibbling his candy apple.

"I found out your surprise," he laughed, "and now you know mine!"

"Two plans are better than one sometimes, I reckon," said Dixie.

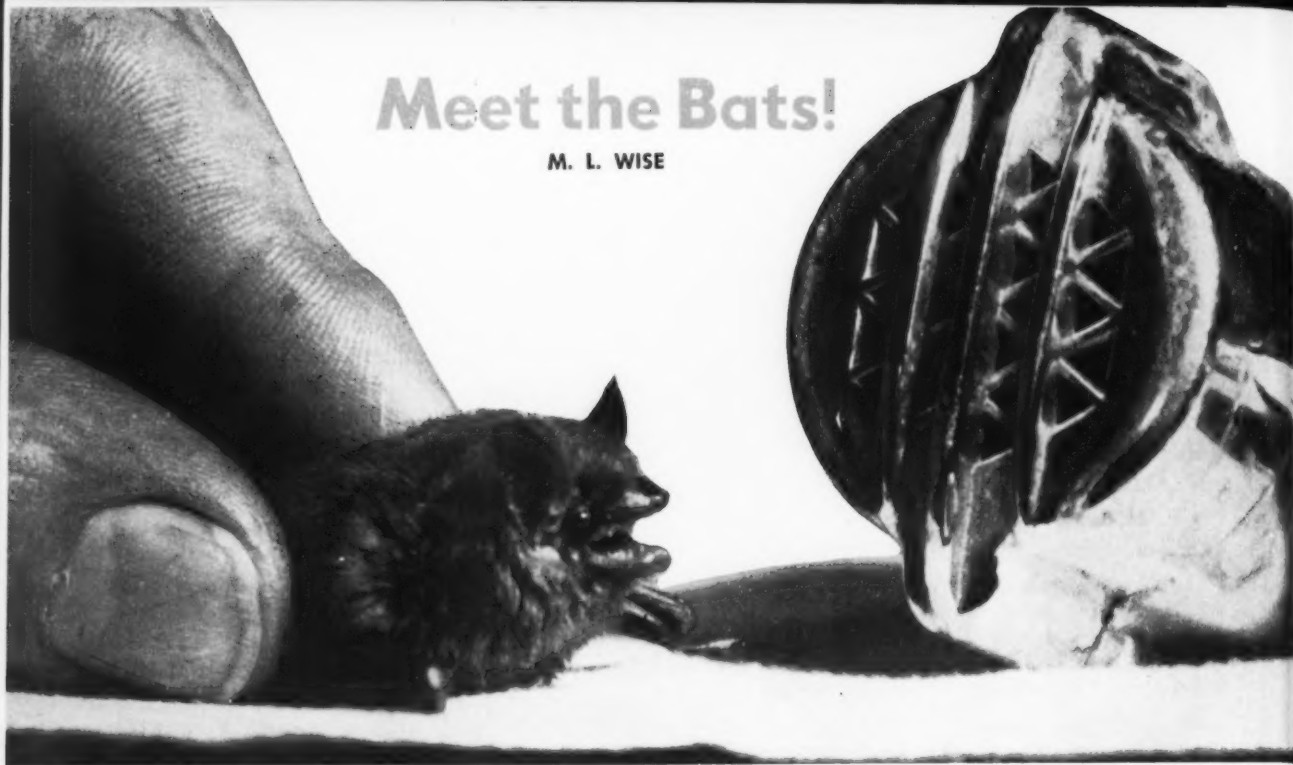
"Yes, sir-ee!" said Rufe, "the more plans, the more fun!"

"It'll be a lot o' fun for me to get back to school, too," said Lucky. "That's what I'm thinking of now that this bean shelling's done!"



Meet the Bats!

M. L. WISE



THREE LIONS PHOTO

Bats are supposed to haunt houses, bring bad luck, and hold a specially wicked celebration on Halloween. But do they? Here is their side of the story.

HOW OFTEN have you heard people say these things about bats?

They get in your hair on summer nights.

They are blind in the daytime.

They suck human blood.

They bring bad luck.

They like "haunted houses."

They fly in great numbers at midnight on Halloween.

If the bats could answer back, they would shake their heads sadly. "It isn't true," they would say. "We have nothing against human beings. All we are interested in is finding food, and living our own peaceful lives."

Natural history tells us that bats have been on the earth about 60 million years. Examples of the early ancestors of the bat, as we know him today, have been found well preserved in the earth's crust. They looked very much like the bat you saw fly past the window last night—or at any rate, the last time you saw a bat.

The gossip about bats being blind in the daytime is—just gossip. Scientists will tell you that bats can see perfectly well in the daytime. The trouble is, their enemies can see them, too. And bats have no way to defend themselves. They can't "stand up and fight"

because they are not built to stand, or walk. Have you ever watched a bat try to do these things? If you have, you know that his knees bend backward, and he has quite a struggle to keep upright.

Also, the bat cannot take off quickly into flight from a flat surface the way a bird does. He must climb onto something high and enter the air like a glider.

Because he is handicapped in these ways he can easily fall prey to his enemies. That is why he must hunt his food under cover of darkness.

During the night he flits about silently, swooping here and there, catching his supper on the wing. Each swoop of the bat is appreciated by the farmers. For he eats the insects that damage crops. It is said that in 24 hours' time the bat consumes at least half his weight in insects! And he begins his work when most insect-eating birds have retired for the night.

When daylight comes the bat folds himself up like a

THREE LIONS PHOTO

◀ The bat on the facing page is "recording" on a machine called an oscillograph. The high, shrill sounds which a bat makes cannot be heard by the human ear unless they are made louder by this machine.

little umbrella and hangs upsidedown in a hollow tree, cave, or other shelter. Here he sleeps safely until darkness returns.

How Bats Use Radar

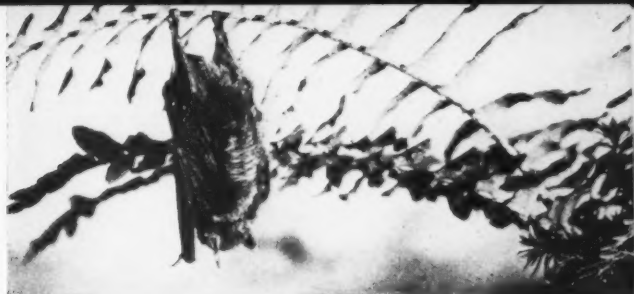
Because bats must fly in the darkness, hunting their food, nature has equipped them with a radar system. Radar is a safety device. It warns fliers—whether they be bats or airplane pilots. Here is the way that bat radar works:

As the bat flies, he gives out a series of fast, shrill, little cries. You cannot hear them because the human ear does not pick up sounds that high. You can hear only sounds that travel through the air at the rate of 20,000 vibrations per second or less. The cries of the bat vibrate about 50,000 times per second.

These sounds bounce against objects that the bat might strike in the dark. The echo comes back to warn him of danger ahead. The pitch of the echo tells him the size of the obstacle, and something about what it is like. Then he can change his course to avoid it.

Where Bats Live

Bats live all over the world. They have been seen around the pyramids of Egypt and on lonely desert islands. They are a familiar part of the night life in almost every country. They like to make their homes in quiet, de-



THREE LIONS PHOTO

▲ This potted fern is a favorite couch for Oscar, the bat, who always hangs head down.

serted places such as church steeples, holes in the ground, caves, and abandoned birds' nests. One of the smallest members of the bat family lives in the East Indies and sleeps in a hollow bamboo stalk. He is about the size of a man's thumb.

What Bats Eat

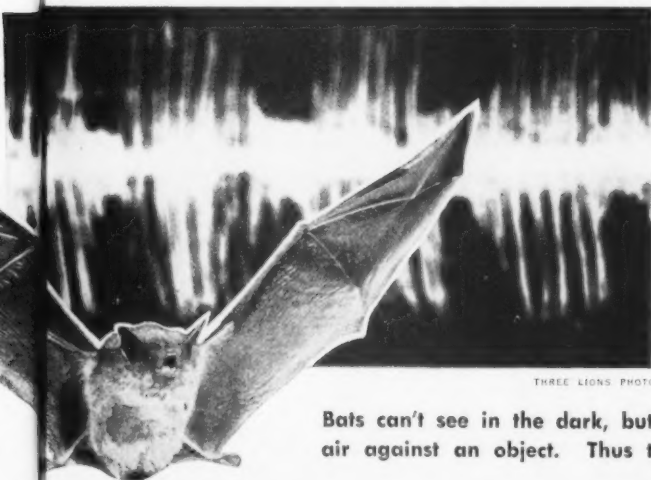
Most bats live on moths, beetles, and other night-flying insects. But they seem to thrive on almost any food that is plentiful in the part of the world where they live. They never migrate.

Some tropical members of the bat family live on fish, swooping down into the water to catch their prey. The "flying fox" bat stays happy and healthy on a diet of fruit! He lives in tropical countries and has a wingspread of about five feet.

It is true that some species of bats are vampires; that is, they like to drink blood. But it is not the blood of human beings as the legend-makers would have us believe. Frogs, mice, and other small creatures are the victims of the vampire bat. Although most of the mysterious tales about vampire bats come from Europe, this bloodthirsty fellow is not known there. He lives, mainly, in the countries of South America.

In contrast to the vampire, some of his relatives prefer the pollen and nectar they get from flowers!

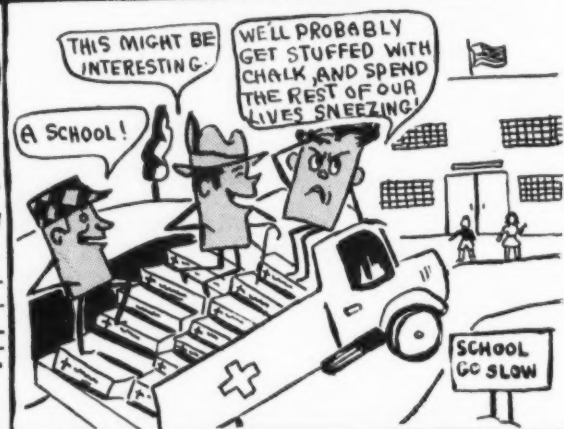
"So you see," the bat might say, in conclusion, "we are pretty much like people. That is, some of us are a lot nicer than others. But there are one or two things we think you should understand: There's nothing mysterious about us. We DON'T haunt houses or bring bad luck. And we want to be your friends—although we are naturally shy."



THREE LIONS PHOTO

Bats can't see in the dark, but their wings can feel the slightest stir of air against an object. Thus the bat can fly about swiftly yet safely.

The Adventures of THREE LITTLE GIFT BOXES and Their Brothers



AMERICANS Go to School In Japan, Too!

DID YOU KNOW that many American children are going to school in Japan? No, not to Japanese schools, for it would take a long time for American children to learn the language. They go to American schools, studying the same subjects you study in your school at home.

These are children who have traveled more than 7000 miles across the Pacific Ocean to be with their fathers in our Air Force and Army on occupation duty in Japan.

Our military forces have set up a school for American boys and girls in each city where the United States has an Air Force base or Army post.

The American boys and girls have introduced their language to the Japanese children through the "Alphabet Song." Japanese pupils show their friends from the United States how to write the difficult Japanese script. They enjoy singing each other's songs, and playing each other's games.

Boys from the American school are learning to build Japanese toys. The difference in Eastern and Western clothing interests the girls. They like to wear their friends' kimonos.

As the children from the two schools become well acquainted, they find that it means more than "just fun." They are discovering ways to help each other.

Last year the Japanese pupils at Akasaka School collected material for a book of social studies. But they had no paper on which to print it. Their American friends at Yoyogi School were able to get it for them.

An exchange album from Yoyogi School was



This school for American children in Japan was remodeled from a bombed-out Japanese hospital.

sent to the United States recently. It is now in the library of Wadena School, Wadena, Minnesota.

Another American school is at Nagoya. You can see in your geography book that Nagoya is on Japan's eastern coast about 200 miles southwest of Tokyo. It is Japan's third largest city with almost a million people, about as big as Cleveland, Ohio.

Nagoya is the site of a big Fifth Air Force base, and Army units are also stationed there. The school is located within the gates of American Village, the housing area for American families.

Just a block away is Nagoya's main street,

A snowfall in Nagoya, Japan, means a gay time for American children on the school playground.





American and Japanese children teach each other their songs. Listening to them sing are the Japanese teacher, on the left, and Mrs. Audrey Bassett, on the right, our special AJRC representative who has spent the past year helping the Junior Red Cross in Japan to get started again.

echoing with the noise of Oriental markets, and crowded with Japanese, many dressed in kimonos and wooden clogs.

The building itself is three stories high and is finished in white stucco. It used to be a small hospital. After remodeling it, our military government opened it as a school last September with about 100 pupils attending.

Pupils range from 5-year-olds in kinder-

garten to one high-school senior.

Classrooms are just like the ones you have at home, with blackboards, desks and chairs, and lots of maps. The school has a library with about 300 books. The kindergarten room is almost always decorated with bright colors in keeping with the season or special holidays.

Alongside the building is the Village play-

ground with swings, seesaws, sandboxes, and athletic fields.

School is "just down the street" for most of the pupils who live in American Village. But about 35 live in remodeled Japanese houses scattered throughout the city of Nagoya. The Army sends a school bus for them each day.

At noon all the pupils go in a bus to the Kanko Hotel, run by the Army, where they eat a hot meal.

The number of students changes from month to month because their fathers are often transferred to new duty assignments, sometimes to Tokyo, Osaka, or other Japanese cities. Youngsters newly arrived from the United States take the place of children whose fathers have been overseas for two years or more and are returning home.

The principal is Mrs. Comfort Bock. Her husband is an Army major, an official in the military government of Aichi province. Aichi corresponds to one of our states, and Nagoya is its capital city.

Mrs. Bock taught in high schools in Salt Lake City, Utah, and Honolulu, Hawaii, for 11 years before her husband was assigned to Japan. She has nine teachers on her staff. Three of them are wives of military personnel, and the other six were hired in the United States to teach in Japan. They come from Texas, Alabama, Minnesota, and California, and all are certified teachers.

So you see, even though these children are far away from home, they study and play just like you do. But while Japan to you is just a name and place on a map in your geography book, *they* are learning about it at first-hand. And when they get back home they'll have some wonderful stories to tell about living, playing, and studying in that far-off land.

Information and pictures furnished through courtesy of the U. S. Air Force.



Patricia tries on her friend's kimono, then learns how to tie it neatly in the Japanese way.



Motoko tells the American children what the words mean which are on a fine old Japanese wall script.



Yomakoshi (whose name means James in English) shows tiny Japanese toys which his school made.



American boys in the 7th grade sample a few of the 300 books in the Nagoya, Japan, school library.



Gift

AMERICAN R

«Boys at Broadview S
Washington, check co
boxes they are packin
the outside of the
whether it is for a b



AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTO

Gift boxes are loaded into a
Red Cross car by JRC members,
Greensboro, North Carolina.



«French schoolboys gre
which bring them much



ALT-LEE PHOTOGRAPHERS

«Columbia, South Carolina, Junior Red Cross
members have fun packing gift boxes.

Give . . .

that others
may

Have

AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTO

view School, Seattle,
check contents of gift
packing, then mark
of the box to show
for a boy or a girl.



boys greet with happy smiles the gift boxes
em much needed health and school supplies.

SPORT PHOTO, PARIS

AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTO

It's a red-letter day for Dutch children when
the gift boxes from America arrive. ➤



AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTO BY MASLOW

▲Korean school children bow their thanks for gift
boxes from America which they have just received.



▲"Look, a washcloth!" cries this Finnish school
girl as she and her friend open their gift boxes.



Round-Robin Album from the Great Lakes

Would you like to know how seven schools in the Great Lakes region of the United States got together and prepared a new kind of correspondence album?

FROM SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN, the McCaskill Junior Red Cross writes that their town is located at the head of Lake Superior, which they describe as the "largest, coldest, clearest, and deepest body of fresh water on the globe." The city covers an area of 42 square miles and has a harbor frontage of 27 miles.

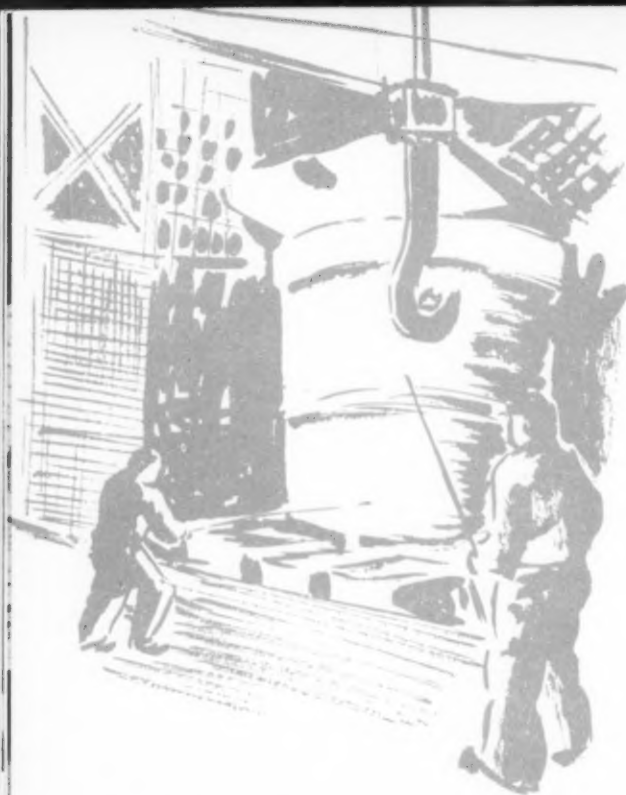
"Families and visitors have easy access to our public parks where they enjoy swimming and picnicking. Public parks in the city limits include 576 acres and have a valuation of \$738,317.

"Eight railroads ship millions of tons of grain, minerals, and merchandise in and out of Superior every year. Some of the world's most powerful locomotives bring Mesabi Range iron ore to Superior—iron ore capital of the world."



FROM SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN, the 9th grade girls wrote of a French explorer, Etienne Brule, the first white man to visit the region. "He was sent in 1618 by Champlain, then French Governor in the New World, with instructions to make friends with the Indians, explore their country, see the great lakes, and

Brush drawings on this page, from the Sault Ste. Marie album, show (above) men working at a huge steel vat, and (below) smoke from mill chimneys.



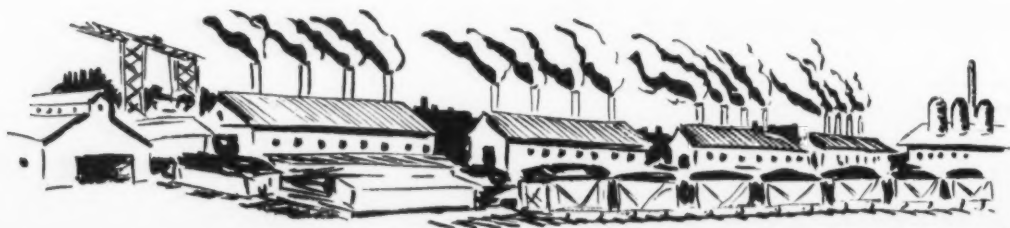
SEVEN SCHOOLS in five states, all members of the American Junior Red Cross, worked together in making an excellent school correspondence album describing the Great Lakes region, and the part which the great steel industry has played in the development of their cities.

The boys and girls who made the album attend schools in Superior, Wisconsin; Sault Sainte Marie, Michigan; Detroit, Michigan; Cleveland, Ohio; Erie, Pennsylvania; Buffalo, New York; Rochester, New York.

Each section of the album was prepared separately, then assembled at National Headquarters of the Junior Red Cross. Each showed careful work on the part of the writers.

Who will be next to start one of these interesting round-robins? Your Junior Red Cross Chairman can make arrangements for you through the area office. Remember to make a duplicate so that one volume may be sent abroad while the other is circulated among our own schools.

ALICE INGERSOLL THORNTON



SCHOOL CORRESPONDENCE

if possible, find the Northwest Passage to China."

As we now know, this was not the best way to China, and unfortunately Brule met a sad fate at the hands of the Indians, but other travelers followed him in increasing numbers and Sault Ste. Marie became an important town and a great waterway was discovered.

FROM DETROIT, MICHIGAN, it was appropriate for the Junior Red Cross members to follow the story of the landing of Cadillac and his 25 canoes on the shores of Lake Michigan, with the description of the later development of the automobile industry. Part of the album was illustrated with attractive and original drawings and water colors.

FROM CLEVELAND, OHIO, pupils at the Hough Elementary School write: "Our great city was founded by General Moses Cleaveland.

"After the Revolutionary War, the government set aside some land for Connecticut. It was known as the Western Reserve. Soldiers of this state were paid by a gift of land in this Western Reserve.

"A group of these men under the leadership of Moses Cleaveland started for the west in 1796. Most of this journey was by water. . . . From Buffalo they paddled along the southern shore of Lake Erie until they came to the mouth of the Cuyahoga River.

"Here they landed. All about them was a beautiful forest. The river meant transportation into the wilderness. The lake front would mean an opportunity for trade. Here the settlement began that was to become Cleveland, sixth city in size in our United States."

FROM ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA, Gridley Junior High School wrote of the first settlement and of the French explorers who were followed by the English.

"In 1809 when a turnpike was completed a great business started of transporting supplies through Erie. Chief among these was salt, brought from New York State, and shipped by oxcart southward on its way to connect with waterways to Pittsburgh. Salt was such a valu-

able commodity that for years it was used as a medium of exchange instead of money. Oxcart travel was slow and it took four days to travel the 15 miles."

FROM BUFFALO, NEW YORK, Public School No. 78 writes that their city ranks 14th in size among cities of the United States. It is the largest inland water port in the U. S. in value of water-borne commerce handled.

"Buffalo is the rival of Minneapolis as a flour milling center. Large elevators store grain from the prairie wheatfields. Our grain elevators are on the waterfront of Lake Erie. Each elevator can hold over 5 million bushels of grain. Approximately 60 million bushels of wheat are milled every year. The electricity used in the milling industry is made from the dynamos at great Niagara Falls. We get our electric power cheaper than most other cities."



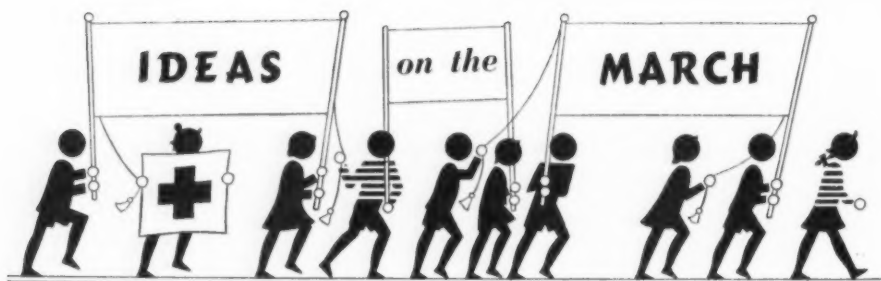
Jim Beverage

Erie's album had many fine blockprints, like this one showing a huge freighter at the city's bay front.

FROM ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, the Campus School album was illustrated with pen and ink drawings and good snapshots. The students wrote:

"Rochester has been called the 'Young Lion of the West.' The broad river called the Genesee gave Rochester its start. The Genesee is one of the few rivers in North America that flows northward. The waterfalls in it helped Rochester become a great milling center. The Erie Canal had a great deal to do with the increase in population.

"Rochester is a manufacturing city and the home of the Eastman Kodak Company."



GIFT BOXES IN GREECE

WHEN AMERICAN Junior Red Cross gift boxes are distributed at schools and orphanages in Greece, the children stand and sing the "Star Spangled Banner" to show their appreciation.

A Red Cross worker who returned from Greece last year was present at these ceremonies. She reported that American children do not sing the American national anthem with any more enthusiasm than do the Greek children.

The gift boxes fill a great need in Greece. Teachers and pupils do not have nearly enough paper, pencils, and other school supplies.

From correspondence albums we find that many names of Greek children are very difficult for us to pronounce. Then, again, some of the names are just like our own. "Mary" and "Helen" are popular names; so is the name "John."

Greek children enjoy many holidays and festivals. Easter is celebrated with firecrackers and parades. Independence day is very much like our own Fourth of July.

Greek children do not pay as much attention to birthdays as we do in America. Instead, the day of the saint for whom one is named is the occasion for celebration. Our albums tell us many more things of interest about the young Greek people.

FOR VETERANS IN HOSPITALS

JUNIOR RED CROSS members of the Seaside School at Monterey, California, collected 877 comic books for the enjoyment of the soldiers at Fort Ord Station Hospital. As one pupil expressed it, "We are sorry that there was a war, but there was, and so we are trying to do what we can for our wounded."

THANK YOU!

THE LEADER of the Polish Displaced Persons' Camp "FI" at Ingolstadt, Germany, U. S. Zone, writes of the gifts received from the American Red Cross and the Junior Red Cross:

"Everybody was very happy to be presented with sweaters, candies, and other gifts. The children were delighted with the Junior Red Cross gift boxes. When the boxes were distributed the children were told that the American children know all about the troubles of the Polish Displaced Persons overseas. . . . You and all the donors would have been very glad to see the surprise and happiness your gift boxes brought.

"We want to express our deepest and heartfelt gratitude for the presents and for the help that has come from the American Red Cross for us and our children. We send our thanks to all school chapters, teachers, and their pupils of the state of Massachusetts in Amer-



DONALD E. HUNT PHOTO

Children enjoy books in the "roving library" provided by Junior Red Cross members of the Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, Chapter. Story on next page.

ica who helped fill the Junior Red Cross gift boxes."

A ROVING LIBRARY

LAST YEAR a mobile library project was voted on by the Junior Red Cross Council of the Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, Chapter. Northampton County had no library, so \$500 from the service fund was set aside for ten units of a library. This amount provides books for 1300 pupils in 16 townships. The pupils are in the first 8 grades.

The books for the "roving library" were selected by the Bethlehem Public Library staff. The collection includes stories, biographies, history, and many other subjects. Each library contains picture books for first and second grade pupils.

Junior Red Cross high-school students made ten chests for the books. The chests are table height and contain two shelves, each the width and length of a standard library shelf. Double doors open from the front, and four castors allow the chest to roll easily across the floor. Brass handles are fitted at each end. All chests are painted a warm gray and are decorated with Pennsylvania German transfer designs.

A metal card file containing a



Seaside School pupils, Monterey, California, collected 877 comic books for the veterans hospital at a nearby fort.



AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTO

Gift boxes with soap, dolls, pencils, or maybe a gay hair-ribbon bring joy to Greek children.



Proudly these Junior Red Cross members of the Ford Greene School, Nashville, Tennessee, get their well-earned Junior First Aid Certificates.

guide to the books is included in each chest. There are also mimeographed tablets for the use of the teacher in checking books in and out. Each chest contains not less than 38 books.

The ten units of the "roving library" are rotated every 6 weeks by the chapter Motor Service and a member of the library committee. At the end of the 6 weeks' period, the teacher adds up the number of readers for each book and writes down the number on the file card. Each book contains a Bethlehem Chapter Junior Red Cross bookplate.

The county superintendent of schools says: "The mobile library is indeed filling a long-

felt need in the rural areas of Northampton County. The county superintendent of schools, teachers, and pupils are sincerely grateful to the Junior Red Cross for this service."

ODD JOBS ADD UP

JUNIOR RED CROSS fourth-grade members of the Irvington High School (Elementary Division), Westchester County Chapter, New York, earned money for their service fund by raking leaves, running errands, helping with housework at home and at neighbors, washing cars, washing Halloween decorations off windows, polishing father's shoes, and baby-sitting.

Members of Krieger School, Dutchess County Chapter, made copper napkin rings

for the patients at the Children's Home. The rings were monogrammed with the initials of each child who received them. Juniors at the Cannon Street School bought material and made tablecloths, aprons, and bed tables for patients at the Children's Division of Bowne Memorial Hospital.

Other Junior members furnished amusement to veterans at Castle Point Hospital with the game of "Scrambles." Words on one subject—animals, for example—are scrambled. The veteran has the job of unscrambling the words to make them read correctly. Booklets were made on many subjects such as flowers, colors, birds, and countries, with an answer page at the end.

—Marion Bloom.

Autumn Verse

AUTUMN

THE LEAVES are turning in the sun
They're yellow, red, and brown.
I think October is so much fun
As leaves come tumbling down.

The leaves are gathered in a pile
Just like an Indian tent;
The smoke is in the air a mile,
It has an autumn scent.

COLLEEN CRAWFORD, 5th Grade
Chesterfield County Chapter,
Virginia

SCHOOL

WE GO to school each morning at nine,
Each afternoon at one.
Every child in our class
Always has lots of fun.

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday
Are our spelling days.
When Miss Curtis pronounces the words
We write them without delay.

Arithmetic all the children like,
We have it every day.
Multiplication or division,
We never ever play.

Every day throughout the week
We all have lots of fun.
We work hard every minute
But we're glad when the day is done.

MIRIAM KIPNIS, 5th Grade
Longfellow School, Oak Park, Illinois

HEED THE CALL

AMERICAN Junior Red Cross
is doing it's share
to lift the burdens of
sorrow and care.
It cares for the sick and
helps those in need.
In their small way Juniors
take the lead.
We send gift boxes over
the sea
to help children less
fortunate than we.
So gladly give your bit,
though it be small,
for the Junior Red Cross
always heeds the call.

RICHARD BAILEY, Windsor School
Douglas County Chapter, Omaha, Nebraska

TO SCHOOL

HI, HO, hi, ho!
Up the road to school we go,
To meet the teacher of our school
And to learn the Golden Rule;
To laugh and play and have some fun,
And go back home, when the day's work is done.

FRANCES MILLER, 5th Grade
Jackson School, Waynesboro, Virginia

PEACE

PEACE is wonderful
In the world, I say.
We all strive
To gain it day by day.

DAVID HUGENER, 5th Grade
Chisholm, Minnesota



Two-year-old Claire inspects her mother's design for the 1949 American Junior Red Cross poster, shown in small size at right.

Our Poster Artist

DON'T WASTE WHAT OTHERS WANT—that is the message on your 1949 Junior Red Cross enrollment poster. A small picture of the poster is shown on this page. But the ones which will be on display in your school during Junior Red Cross enrollment, November 1-15, will be much larger—14½ inches by 22½ inches.

The poster was drawn by Mrs. Dagmar Wilson, who also illustrates many stories for the *News* (for example, see page 24 of this issue). Mrs. Wilson says that the poster has an especially important message for children, because they are the future citizens who must conserve our nation's resources.

In the poster she has drawn several American boys and girls carrying food, oil, lumber, and other resources against a background of soil, water, and forests, all of which we must use wisely.

Mrs. Wilson has two little girls, Sally, age 4, and Claire, who is 2. They both have red, curly hair. And they both like to paint. Sally spent many hours in her mother's studio while your enrollment poster was being made. If Sally doesn't like a picture, Mrs. Wilson feels pretty sure that other children won't like it either. So the two of them work together until Sally is pleased with it.



Jeanne in her home in New York City.

Jeanne Ardell Newkirk will be 12 years old on November 25. She lives in New York City. Jeanne wrote the story on the following page, "Old Belina Witch." She also drew the pictures for it. She learned how to do both these things when she had to stay in bed with a serious illness. As the months passed she discovered some other important things. She tells you about them here.

"**W**HAT WILL I ever do?" I asked myself. What *can* I do when I'm sick? Every summer I had spent my vacation in Roscoe, New York. It had been such fun. There were so many things to do. But this summer it was different. I had to stay in bed.

Today all my friends had gone down to the river to catch tadpoles and minnows. Here I was in bed, on the porch, all day long. There was nothing to do. Why, I couldn't even climb my favorite apple tree. I began to cry.

Mother had seen that I was crying, and now she came over and sat down beside me. "What on earth are you crying about, dear?" she asked.

I told her how I felt and that there wasn't anything for me to do. I was sure I was never going to have any more fun.

My mother smiled. "There is always something a person can do," she said. "Don't you know you can have fun—just thinking?"

She told me about the fun she used to have, "just pretending," when she was a little girl. She told me about the family of robins that

Keeping Busy Helps!

were her friends. "Why don't you make friends with some of the birds here?" she suggested. Then she told me so many interesting and amusing "play-tales" that soon I was as happy and gay as I could be.

I took mother's advice and in a few days I found myself house-cleaning with the robins and roaming with the Indians. Later, I wanted to write some stories. Mother had to hold the paper most of the time because it kept slipping under my hand. You see, I had chorea (a disease of the nerves) and my left hand often got out of control. Nevertheless, I was soon writing stories and drawing pictures of all my make-believe friends. My biggest job was to keep my mind off the children, playing ball in the vacant lot near by.

Near the end of September it was quite cold and unpleasant. So we came home. I found it much harder to keep happy in the city. The days were dreary and lonely, and it got dark earlier. I had hoped to go back to school but the doctor said I must not only stay indoors, I must stay in bed.

I began to feel very sad again. All the children were going to school. I couldn't help thinking about the fun they were having. I thought of the girls at Hunter College Elementary School, where I had always been a part of the good times. I would have been miserable, I guess, but I soon learned that the girls were thinking of me, too. It was nearly Halloween and they sent me pumpkins, black cats, and letters and lots of cards, which I pasted in a scrapbook. I began to think of witches and hobgoblins, too, and especially of my friend, Old Belina Witch.

Then came Thanksgiving, and on November 25 my own birthday. I was 11 years old. We had a cake with 12 candles and a little party right around my bed. By that time I had a teacher and I was glad to be able to make up some of my school work.

Before I could turn around twice, Christmas was at hand. I had to do something for my friends who had been so kind to me. What to do! What to do! Handkerchief cases?

Sachet bags? Pot holders? No, I couldn't even sew a seam. I decided to make some hand puppets. Mother spread a big piece of oilcloth over the bed and I went to work making papier-mache heads. The dresses were made from scraps from the old workbasket. I named the puppets and wrapped them gayly. Then I sent them to some of my friends. I also helped make decorations for our Christmas tree.

After Christmas, I thought of other holidays. I wove a few baskets from strips of bright-colored cardboard for Easter and May

Day. And I made an important discovery: There is *always* something to do!

It was a year ago last March that I had measles, followed by rheumatic fever and chorea. Now at last I can go out when the weather is pleasant. Although I wouldn't want to go through my illness again, I feel that I learned a great deal from it.

I hope all the children who are sick will be out soon, too. Meantime, perhaps this story will help them find interesting things to do. The time goes so much more quickly when you are doing something.



IF YOU GO to the middle of the woods you will find a hut. If you look in that hut you will find Old Belina Witch.

Now, one Halloween, just before midnight, all the witches were trying out their new brooms. That is, all but Old Belina Witch. She just could not think how to decorate her broom, and, with prices what they were, she couldn't buy a new one.



So Belina mixed up "the brew of thought" hoping it would help her. She crooned an awful, witchy, witch song as she stirred the "brew."

Suddenly, with one shake of her black cat's tail, she got an idea. She ran to her trunk and found her cape. She draped it over the broom. Then she got a very small pumpkin, cut off the top, and made a hole in the bottom. Then Old

Old Belina Witch

Belina put the small hole over the end of the broomstick. She found an old candle and stuck it inside the pumpkin. She carved a portrait of



herself on the pumpkin, using her long claw on her right forefinger for a knife. The candlelight gleamed through. She mounted her broom and was off!

Now every Halloween you can see a light zooming through the darkness and you know Old Belina Witch is out.





Little Lost Squirrel

Little Folks' Story by
LOIS S. JOHNSON

Pictures by Dagmar Wilson

PETER was in bed.

Peter's Mommy had just told him good night. She was ready to snap off the light.

Suddenly from the porch below came a big *Ker-Thump!*

"That sounds like Perky-dog jumping onto the porch!" said Mommy.

Peter sat straight up in bed.

Mommy ran to the window to see what was happening.

Then such a yippity-yap, yippity-yap!

Peter could hear Perky-dog jumping up and down as he yipped.

"What has happened to Perky-dog?" said Mommy.

"Let's go see!" and Peter was halfway down the stairs before Mommy had time to think.

Opening the front door, they saw Perky-dog bouncing, as he barked, "Yip, yip, yippity-yap!"

His nose was

pointed straight up towards the far corner of the porch.

"Perky-dog, what is the matter with you, making so much noise?" called Mommy.

And while Peter stood watching at the doorway, Mommy got a chair. She climbed up on it to see what was making Perky-dog bark so.

Away back in the corner on the top



Mommy let a drop of warm milk touch Little Lost Squirrel's lips.

of the post, she could just see what looked like a fluffy gray ball of fur.

Mommy reached her hand up very carefully and lifted down the ball of fur and held it close to her. With Perky-dog at her heels, she crossed the porch to where Peter waited. Inside the house, Mommy and Peter and Perky-dog went over to the light. Then Mommy opened her hands a crack to let Peter see what she had found.

It was a tiny baby squirrel, so scared it was shaking all over. Its little black eyes blinked at the light. It snuggled back in Mommy's hands.

"Oh, Mommy, it must be lost from its mother," said Peter. "And maybe it's hungry, too."

"We'll fix it a nice warm bed tonight. And we'll see if we can get it to eat," said Mommy.

So Mommy and Peter got a shoe box off the closet shelf and fixed a bed. They put a soft towel in the bottom of the box and fluffy cotton in one corner for a bed. And the Little Lost Squirrel curled right up tight.

Then Mommy warmed some milk in a pan and poured it in a little saucer. She held the saucer up close for Little Lost Squirrel to drink. But Little Lost Squirrel just blinked his eyes and wrinkled his nose. He would not drink the milk.

"I know," said Mommy, "he's too little to drink milk from a saucer. We'll have to think of some other way."

So Mommy thought awhile, then went to the medicine cabinet in the bathroom. She came back with a medicine dropper.

She filled it with some of the warm milk. Peter held the saucer while Mommy let a drop of milk touch Little Lost Squirrel's lips. And Little Lost Squirrel

liked the taste of the warm milk.

He drank and drank every drop Mommy fed him.

"Now Little Lost Squirrel will feel good and comfy inside. He knows we are his friends," said Mommy.

"And he can sleep in his little box bed right by me all night," said Peter.

"Then tomorrow we can look for mother squirrel and when we find her, we will turn Little Lost Squirrel free, and tell him to scamper right home," said Mommy.

"And he must never run away again," added Peter, "or Perky-dog might get him next time."

So Peter and his Mommy took Little Lost Squirrel upstairs in his little box bed. And Perky-dog followed close behind.

They put the little box on the table right beside Peter's bed. When Peter and Mommy took one last look in the box, there was Little Lost Squirrel sound asleep.



Then Peter climbed into his own bed. And Perky-dog hopped over to his bed in the corner of Peter's room.

Mommy said, "Good night!" and snapped off the light.

And Peter and Perky-dog and Little Lost Squirrel didn't wake up until next morning.

A Word for Teachers

Gift Boxes

What They Are

TO DEVELOP desirable social attitudes in young children it is necessary to give some tangible ways to express their concern for the needs of others.

Gift boxes offer such an opportunity. These are small cardboard boxes which school children fill and send to boys and girls in other countries as a gesture of friendship. The boxes contain small toys and health and educational supplies.

Where They Go

The countries to which the boxes are sent are decided upon by the American National Red Cross as a result of reports based upon firsthand observations by Red Cross personnel overseas. The boxes are sent to foreign countries, where they are distributed through Red Cross channels and the office of the minister of education to children in schools, hospitals, and other institutions.

Why They Have Appeal

This activity appeals to children because the contents of the boxes are familiar things which they themselves use and enjoy every day. It is easy for them to see how these may bring pleasure to other children.

When the teacher tells her class that the schools in other countries have been disrupted for at least 8 years, that there are no school supplies to be had, that a pencil is worth \$7 and that soap is priceless, that games, ribbons, and dolls lift the morale of little girls, and that marbles, balls, tops, and yo-yos mean the resuming of play for little boys, then the natural desire of our boys and girls is to "do something."

Approved by Educators

The National Education Association and the United States Office of Education recognize this activity as one of the best ways for boys and girls to assist in educational rehabilitation of children abroad.

This activity often culminates in an exchange of correspondence albums which in turn brings about better international understanding.

How to Fill a Box

Any classroom or school may fill one or more boxes under the direction of a teacher. To derive the greatest educational value from this activity it is essential that children be given the full responsibility for planning contents of the box and for shopping for them.

All details for filling boxes are given in the pamphlet, *Gift Boxes* (ARC 695). These instructions are sent with the boxes to each school by the local chapter or Junior Red Cross chairman, and should be followed closely since there are specific reasons why certain articles are included and other articles excluded.

Contents

At present, the boxes contain school and health supplies primarily, since these items are so scarce in the war-devastated sections of the world. A few recreational and personal articles are always included.

It is understood that all articles be new and of good quality. While a favorite, well-loved, used toy might be offered in a true spirit of friendliness, such a soiled article might give bitter disappointment to the recipient.

In most schools the pupils contribute money or articles for filling boxes. However, if a school, for any reason, prefers that the children not be asked for such contributions and yet would like to have the pupils participate in the program, then the teacher-sponsor can request Service Fund money from the Junior Red Cross chairman for this purpose.

Educational Values

The filling of gift boxes ties in with many school subjects of study, for instance:

(1) *Social Studies*—the people and history of the countries to which the boxes are to go; events and conditions that make the boxes important; the lands and their products; (2) *Art and Music*—the culture of the people; and (3) *Arithmetic*—management of funds for purchases.

Return Letters

A blank "Gift Box Acknowledgment Card" is inserted in each box in the name of the school and the names of the children packing the box. If the children who receive a gift box fill out this form properly and mail it, their reply should reach the pupils who sent the box.



Halloween Problems

IN A YEAR when millions of European children face starvation, unless help comes from America, what once appeared a mildly annoying Halloween prank among school-age youngsters becomes a custom both cruelly wanton and wasteful. Teachers should do everything they can, and Junior Red Cross members should lend every support, to suppress the practice of hundreds of beggar-clad children who, on All Saints' Eve, ring doorbells, extend paper sacks to those who open them, and threaten "Tricks or Treats."

Last year several teachers reported that Junior Red Cross groups successfully persuaded classmates to try out a substitute "prank" which brought happy results.

These children made cards which they slipped under doors or handed to persons who answered their Halloween ring. The cards bore such labels as: "No tricks. No treats—except for hungry Europe. Join us in observing a food conservation program;" or "We're not greedy—save for the needy. Join us in a food conservation campaign."



Safety Guides

JUST OFF THE PRESS is a new edition of the popular *Suggested Guides for Safety Instruction*, produced by the American Red Cross Safety Services, this time in color and with numerous illustrations. Teachers of both the primary and intermediate grades will find suggestions for safety instruction for a full school-year program. Your teacher-sponsor can obtain copies for you through the Junior Red Cross Chairman of your local chapter.

—Elizabeth W. Robinson



AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTO

Our youngest members can fill gift boxes, too! These primary children in the Clarendon School, Canton, Ohio, carry the gift boxes they filled to the Red Cross car. The car will take them to the storeroom where they will be packed for overseas shipment.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

BASIL O'CONNOR.....	President
The American National Red Cross	
LIVINGSTON L. BLAIR.....	Vice President
for School and College Activities, The American National Red Cross	
EDWARD A. RICHARDS.....	Director, American Junior Red Cross
THOMAS A. DEVINE.....	Assistant Director
WILLIAM J. FLYNN.....	Assistant Director
ALICE INGERSOLL THORNTON.....	Assistant Director
•	
LOIS S. JOHNSON.....	Editor, the NEWS
ELEANOR C. FISHBURN.....	Managing Editor
HELEN S. LOENHOLDT.....	Art Editor
ELIZABETH W. ROBINSON.....	Contributing Editor
•	

The American Junior Red Cross is the American Red Cross in the schools

Coming Next Month

• Have you always thought that Thanksgiving Day had a "Made-in-America" label? If so, you may change your mind when you read about "Thanksgiving Day Then and Now" in the November NEWS.

• Does it surprise you to know that Indians of long ago used to live where Washington, D. C., now stands? "Indians in Washington" will tell you all about them.

• "No Time for Anger" is an exciting story of a Persian water boy and a "bully" who became his friend.

• School correspondence in November comes from "The Land of the Maple Leaf." Do you know what "land" that is?



